THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Two Years Old.

BY HITTY MAGINN.

Little Rowdy Howdy,
Sitting on the floor,
Had his little breakfast,
Wants a little more.
Stir and shouts aloud he,
With his voice so bold;
Rowdy little Howdy,
Only two years old!

Two years old to-day, sir,
And with funny tricks
That would make you say, sir,
"Surely he is six."
Sweetest of the crowd he,
With his locks of gold;
Tiny Rowdy Howdy,
Only two years old.

Dimples in his chin, sir,
Roses on his cheeks,
Music does begin, sir,
Always when he speaks.
Papa's surely proud, he
Likes to hear it told—
"This is Rowdy Howdy,
Only two years old!"

Hear his happy chatter,
See his little feet,
As they pitter-patter
Up and down the street.
It is, you must allow, delightful to behold
Little Rowdy Howdy
Only two years old.

Ogulsh little Rowdy!
Looking grave and wise;
Happy little Howdy!
With his azure eyes.
Ne'er alarmed or cowed he,
By your glances cold,
Here comes Rowdy Howdy
Only two years old.

Give the boy a hammer!
Let him have a stick
Never mind the clamor
Isn't he a brick?
Be it clear or cloudy,
Weather warm or cold,
Hurrah for Rowdy Howdy!
Only two years old!

Sammy's Arrest.

A TRUE STORY.

Sammy was a bright, dear little fellow as one would wish to see. His parents never thought boys were troublesome—in the way—more bother than they were worth; no, indeed, they were as proud of him and his brother as they could be, and wanted them to make good and useful men. So, as a beginning, when Sammy was nine years old his papa took him into his store as "cash boy." Sammy was delighted with the change from school; he got very tired sometimes, but he braved it out and never made any complaint. He had, however, one fault which grew upon him. his papa was afraid would spoil him for business if indulged in—a fault, if you can call it such, that every child should possess in a greater or less degree, that of a desire or curiosity to see and know everything that was going on. Now Sammy got so he ran to the store door at every unusual noise. Sometimes he went out on the sidewalk in his eagerness to see and hear; it might be an organ-grinder—he might have a monkey (what boy could miss such a sight?) or perhaps it was a band, or dog-fight—surely a great temptation to a boy. Well, the trouble was Sammy would get out so far he could not hear the rat-tat-tat of some clerk's pencil, or the call of "cash," consequently there was some dissatisfaction. Sammy, however, was always so willing and pleasant when he did hear that all were ready to forgive his negligence. One day there was a soldier without any legs and only one arm on the street corner, and he had a real lively monkey all dressed up like a soldier. It was too much for Sammy; he could not see it as well as he wanted to from the store door, so, hatless, he slipped across the street for "just a minute," he thought. But the minutes flew and flew; he was so delighted with the funny pranks of the monkey that he did not realize how fast the time passed. His papa was watching him, and thought if he stayed a reasonable time he would not say anything. As he did not return to his post, his papa, spying the City Marshal, called to him and whispered:

"I want you to go across the street and arrest Sammy; just enough to scare him. He has had a bad habit of leaving the store without permission, and I want to break him of it."

"Oh fie!" said the Marshal. "I don't want to touch Sammy; why, he's a favorite of mine; he's only a little fellow, let him alone."

Mr. Clay insisted; so the Marshal was soon at Sammy's side, and, grasping him firmly by the arm, said:

"You must go with me."

Sammy gave one look at his captor's face and began to struggle and try to get away.

"I haven't done anything wrong," he said; "please let me go· Why, I'm Mr. Clay's boy; I work in the store; you know papa, don't you?"

"Well, well, it makes no difference; I can't have idle, vagabond boys on the streets; they must go to the calaboose," the Marshal said sternly. Sammy's face was hot and flushed; he was greatly terrified, and he felt it would be a terrible disgrace to be shut up in the calaboose.

"Please let me go," he pleaded. "I'll promise I'll never trouble you again."

"You promise," said the Marshal, still keeping his hold.

"Oh yes, sir, replied Sammy, half frightened out of his wits.

He dodged back to the store; his papa did not notice his return. Sammy was entirely cured for lounging; he made a very prompt, energetic business man. He never knew until he grew up to manhood that his papa was the cause of his arrest and the City Marshal only in fun.

Ants in Central America.

A humming-bird has been telling me about some of her neighbors away down South, where she spends the winter.

The thriftiest people in Central America are the smallest—the ants. Some of them are wonderful workers. There is one kind, a sort of wee, wee truffle-growers, who live together in immense swarms, and do such a deal of cutting up, that it is almost as much as the forests can do to stand against them.

They are called leaf-cutters, for the reason that they send out armies of thousands and thousands to bring in leaves, which they cut from the trees in such quantities that whole plantations of mango, orange and lemon trees are sometimes stripped and killed.

Do they eat the leaves? Not at all. They live on funny little truffles, or fungi, of their own raising. They use the leaves only to make hotbeds for their dainty plants, in chambers under ground. A beetle who was born in one of their cellar chambers told the humming-bird about them.

One colony of leaf-cutters will have a great many of these cellar chambers, all united by tunnels, for quick transit, and well supplied with what builders call ventilating shafts; for the ants are very particular about having plenty of fresh air. These shafts reach to the surface of the ground. Each chamber is about as large as a man's head, and is kept a little more than half full of cut leaves, overgrown with the small white fungus which the ants cultivate for food.

There are three kinds of ants in each colony; the workers, who go off to the woods for leaves, and have all the outside work to do; some very small ants, who stay at home and spend their time cutting up the leaves that are brought in, and taking care of the baby ants; and a few gigantic fellows, who manage things, and do all the fighting in time of war. Let any enemy disturb the workers going out for leaves or bringing them home, and instantly the soldiers will rush out in force, with their big jaws wide open, and settle things in short order. The little nurses come out sometimes, too, but only for fun or exercise. When they haven't anything to do, and the weather is fine, they like to take a run out with the workers, but they do not bring any loads back. When one of them gets tired, he just climbs up on a leaf that a worker is bringing in—as you might climb up on a load of hay—and so enjoys a nice ride home.—*From "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," St. Nicholas for August.*

"Genie, Let's Draw Cuts."

One day, while passing along a public road, I saw two bright little fellows, with curly heads, bare, and eyes sparkling with interest, playing marbles near the district school-house. Unobserved, I stopped and watched the progress of the game. Suddenly, one, whom I shall call Frank, stopped, and, with reddening face and flashing eyes, said:

"You cheated!"

"I didn't!" said the other, positively.

"And I say you lie!" retorted the other; and they each took the attitude of defense so common with boys of eight and nine years. All at once Frank's face turned pale, and he exclaimed:

"Genie, let's draw cuts."

"Why?" said the other, greatly surprised.

"Because mother says that quarrels make war, and you know *that* is so *awful*. Don't you remember hearing her tell about brother Tom going to war and getting shot right through the head, and how they brought him home dead and cold in the coffin? She has his picture in the parlor. The large one, you know, with the high, white forehead and black hair and beard."

"Yes, Frank, he's awful pretty, and looks like a prince."

"Yes; and mother always cries when she talks about him. If quarrels make war, Genie, let's not quarrel any more."

"All right, and we'll shake hands on it."

And the brown palms came together with a hearty shake. They then prepared to "draw cuts." Unable to conceal myself longer, I went up to the boys, and wished them a good morning. After which I asked them if "drawing cuts" was not a much more pleasant way of disposing of a difference of opinion than fighting.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," said they both.

"Then promise me that you will *always* settle your *boy troubles* so, and when you get to be *men* you will love the system of arbitration better than war."

They did so, bowing politely as I passed on.—*Angel of Peace.*

IN A BAD FIX.

It has never been definitely settled to the satisfaction of the public who the Man in the Iron Mask was, but generations to come will know all about Dick Palmer, of Macomb street, who, on Saturday got inside of something worse than a mask. His mother sent him after a brass kettle, which one of her neighbors had borrowed, and on his way home the boy turned the kettle upside down and put it on his head. Another boy gave it a blow and it shut down over Dick's face as closely as a clam in his shell, one of the "ears" digging into the boy's head behind, and the other pressing on his nose. The victim jumped and shouted, and clawed at the kettle, but he couldn't budge it. A man came along and lifted at it, but Dick's nose began to come out by the roots, and the man had to stop. A crowd ran out of the corner grocery, Dick's mother was sent for, and the boy danced up and down and cried, "Oh, golly!" without ceasing. One boy said they would have to take a cold chisel and drill Dick out of the kettle, and another said they'd have to melt the kettle off, while everybody rapped on it to see how solidly it was on. Then they tried to lift it off, but Dick roared "Murder!" until they stopped. Some said grease his head, some said grease the kettle, while the boy's mother sst down on the curbstone and sobbed out, "Oh! Richard, why did you do this?" The crowd took it coolly; it wasn't their funeral, and a boy with a brass kettle on his head isn't to be seen every day. Tears fell from the kettle, and a hollow voice kept repeating, "I'll never do it again." Finally they laid Richard on the walk, and while one man sat on his legs and another on his stomach, a third compressed the kettle between his hands, and the boy crawled out, his nose all scratched and twisted out of shape, a hole in his head, and a bump on his forehead. His mother wildly embraced him, and all the boys cried "Hip la!" and little Richard was led home to loaf around on the lounge and have toast and fried eggs for a week.—*Detroit Free Press,*

MARRIED IN HASTE.

The St. Louis *Republican* vouches for an exciting but somewhat ludicrous matrimonial venture that recently took place in Cannelton, Ind. A pretty Kentucky girl was loved by two brothers, but was unable to decide between them and left them to settle the matter, which they proceeded to do as in all cases in Kentucky duly provided. While the contest was going forward, a third young suitor, with no embarrassing fraternal relations, brought the news to the young lady, and persuaded her to bridge her difficulty by eloping with him, and to this she consented. They crossed over to Cannelton and on their way engaged a minister to come over and marry them. Then the license was procured in double quick time, but to reach the appointed spot they were obliged to cross a stream too wide to jump and too deep to wade, and the bridge was undergoing repairs. Just at that moment they espied a boat-load of men pushing off from the Kentucky side. They saw they were pursued, and in a moment it would have been Pyramus and Thisbe again, for the young couple were preparing to die for each oth r. But the squire of the village on the other side of the stream checked their mad design. Hope bubbled afresh. They told him of their strait and he promised to marry them. The license was tied to a stone and flung across and the squire said, "I pronounce you man and wife. Go and tell 'em what God hath joined together let no man burst asunder. Young man tie a dollar to another dornick and heave it over." Then they turned in proud defiance to their pursuers to find them the minister with his party engaged to earn this very dollar that the squire had taken out of his hands.

THERE were 650 vessels in St. Peter's roads one day about July 1, all waiting for bait to pursue their business of cod-fishing. This is but one of the districts of the Newfoundland fishing banks, and the figures show something of the importance of the cod-fishing interests.

THE HIGHWAYMAN'S MISFORTUNE.

The Rapparees, says Samuel Lover, were the worst marauders Ireland has produced. Disbanded soldiers of the lowest class, they united to their vices sufficient order to enable them to rob on an extensive scale, and till they were dispersed by regular troops, they contrived to lay the country under pretty general contribution. Still it must be owned that, with all their villainy, these fellows had a spice of humor which, if it did no credit to its nationality, unmistakably proclaimed it.

One of them, arrested for a highway robbery, on being brought before a magistrate, asserted that he was more entitled to be pitied than to be punished.

"Pitied!" exclaimed the justice, while his eyebrows arched with more than ordinary wonder and contempt; "and on what account, pray?"

"Sure, on account of my misfortune."

"Your misfortune, indeed! What! that we have caught you, I suppose?"

"O, the jintleman that's brought me here knows my misfortune well enough."

But the gentleman was as astonished as the magistrate himself, and as incapable of guessing the culprit's meaning.

"You will own, I suppose," said his worship, "that you stopped this gentleman on the highway?"

"O, yes I did that same."

"And that you took from him fifty pounds in Bank-of-Wexford bills?',

"And there your honor's right again."

"Well, then, you perplexing vagabond, what do you mean by your misfortune?"

"Sure, I mean that the money wasn't in my pocket above a week, when the dirty bank stopped payment, and I was robbed of every shillin'."

A VETERAN FARM HAND.

It is generally supposed, says the Albany *Evening Journal*, that when a man reaches the allotted age—threescore years and ten—he is not capable of doing as much hard labor a a man of 40 or 50 years. And when he passes threescore and ten, and even exceeds 90, it is something wondrous if he retain the full possession of his faculties, and is able even to do a few small chores about the premises. But we can cite the case of James Cameron, a farm hand in the employ of Mr. Sloan, about eight miles from the city, who is now verging on his 94th year, yet is hale and hearty as most men at 50. He is now engaged in harvesting, and does a full day's work with the rest, taking his turn at mowing, cradling, or reaping, and fulfilling all his tasks with perfect satisfaction to his employer, and, we may say, to himself. He fully earns his $2 per day, the wages that are paid to the most efficient hands, and sustains his declining years by his own exertions, independent of kith or kin. The old gentleman is blessed with perfect health, a clear understanding, and a vigorous constitution, and will probably yet live to be classed among the centenarians. He belongs to a race of long-lived people, his mother having attained the age of 108 years at her death.

A DOG'S INTELLIGENCE.

An instance of extraordinary intelligence in a dog is given by a correspondent in *Land and Water*. The gentleman who witnessed the event was, a short time since, on a visit to Scotland, and during one of his walks he came across some men who were washing sheep. Close to the water where the operations were being carried on was a small pen, in which a detachment of ten sheep were placed handy to the men for washing. While watching the performance his attention was called to a sheep dog lying close by. This animal, on the pen becoming nearly empty, without a word from any one, started off to the main body of the flock, and brought back ten of their number, and drove them into the empty washing-pen. The fact of the dog bringing exactly the same number of sheep as had vacated it he looked upon at first as a strange coincidence—a mere chance But he continued looking on, and, much to his surprise, as soon as the men had reduced the number to three sheep, the dog started off again and brought back ten more; and so he continued throughout the afternoon, never bringing one more or less, and always going for a fresh lot when only three were left in the pen, evidently being aware that during the time the last three were washing he would be able to bring up a fresh detachment.

"LORD GORDON" has committed suicide in Manitoba, after having been arrested by two English detectives. Gordon was a clever swindler, who will be long remembered as the only man who has proved himself sharper than Jay Gould, and has beaten the latter at his own game.

THE HARVEST-MOON.

BY ELLEN P. ALLERTON.

Again the ripened grain is cleanly shorn;
Again the earth her yearly bounty yields;
Again the sheaves stand clustered in the fields
Like golden tents. Along the tasseled corn
The night-wind rustles, and the orchard-trees
Utter low whispers to each passing breeze.

And once again hangs calmly over all
The harvest-moon. Beneath this dusky splendor,
This dreamy Summer-softness, sweet and tender
While cooling dews in balmy silence fall,
Come out and stand, your arm about me—so.
'Twas thus we stood together years ago.

Just such a night as this! Just so the leaves
Whispered above our heads; just so the corn
Rustled beside the wheat-fields newly shorn;
Just so like tents stood up the clustered sheaves
And royally above us, on her throne
Of dusky blue, sat the full harvest-moon.

Well I remember what you said to me
Under the moonlight, what were my replies,
And what I read so clearly in your eyes.
'Twas sweeter than the moonbeams! And I see,
Just as I saw it then, that tender light.
As then it shone on me, it shines to-night.

And that was long ago. We two have trod
Ways often steep and rugged, and our rose
Has often borne its thorn; yet still it blows
In fragrant clusters by the stony road.
Beneath the harvest-moon my eyes are wet
With happy tears—I keep my lover yet.

VARIETIES.

VIRTUE is its Henry Ward.

A GOOD thing to keep—Cool.

BOSTON has a beautiful lady doctor who cures only to kill with hopeless love.

DR. WATTS wrote two hundred and twenty of his hymns before he was 22 years old.

A DISRESPECTFUL dog bit Fogg, late United States Minister to Switzerland, and Fogg immediately lifted.

A NEW YORKER has committed suicide after a year's deliberation. He wasn't inclined to do anything rashly.

A SINGULAR difference—Call a girl a young witch and she is pleased; call an elderly woman an old witch and her indignation knows no bounds.

PECULATING usually begins with speculating. It is the second stage of the same complaint, and usually proves fatal.

ONE hundred dollars for breaking his wife's head, and no offset allowed because she ate onions. The jury had no scents.

IT is good ground for divorce in St. Louis if a wife finds one hundred and thirteen love letters in her husband's pockets.

THERE is a man in Chicago who has lived with one wife ten years without a harsh word or a saucepan ever having passed between them.

A PHILADELPHIA paper thinks that if Mauch Chunk were in Europe, it would be celebrated in a song. The name would undoubtedly give a charm to verse.

SAD thing to lose your wife, said a friend to a Vermonter who stood at the grave of his wife. "Well, tolerably sad," replied the mourner, "but then her clothes just fit my oldest girl."

MR. CRESWELL is going into the banking business at Washington, with a rich old uncle. 'Tis good to have such a relative, but a poor uncle is worse than ever Richard the Third was, or than he ever could have been.

THE proprietor of a young ladies' academy in Illinois has utterly ruined his business by causing to be inserted in a large number of papers a picture of the building, with two girls standing on the balcony with last year's hats on their heads.

GABRIEL SAMSON, formerly public executioner of Paris, has just died in his eighty-third year. His unenviable calling appears to have been for some time in the family, as Charles Samson, his uncle, did duty at the *coup de guillotine* which deprived Louis XVI. of life.

A FAMILY passing through Detroit lost their tomcat. "Come children," said their father, huskily, as he turned to the wagon. "Johnny died of scarlet fever, little Mary went with the whooping-cough, and now we've lost Sadimus! I shouldn't wonder if mother or I'd be the next to go."

BEAUTY IN THE MEADOW.—A romantic New York girl thought to Maud Mullerize and "rake the meadows sweet with hay." She stood over a yellow jacket's nest as she swung her little rake. First jump from the score, eleven feet. Distance from the house, half a mile. Time, two minutes.—*Marshall (Ill.) Messenger.*

A FRENCH officer, who fought in the Crimea, has related now an English battalion of infantry destroyed two Russian regiments. The Russians fired incessantly, and did not lose a foot of ground; but they were excited, and aimed badly. On the contrary, the English infantry avoided undue haste, took steady aim, and missed scarcely a single shot. The human being is ten times stronger when his pulse continues calm, and when his judgment remains free.